

OVER THE ALPS

VIA
THE

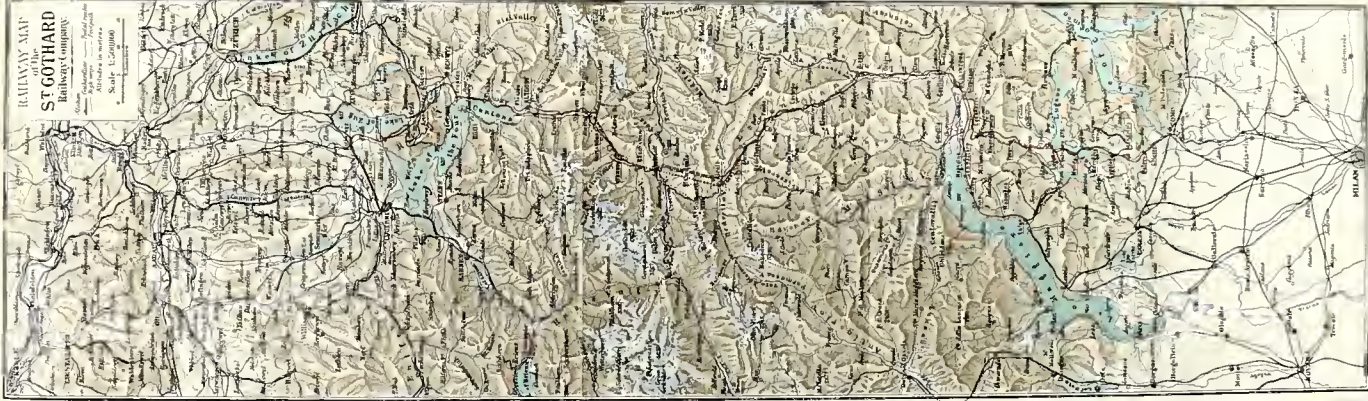
ST. GOTHARD

RAILWAY



RAILWAY MAP
of the
ST. GOTHARD
Railway-Company.

Colour line ——— Postal route
Highways ——— Frequent
Altitude in metres
Scale 1:250,000



SWITZERLAND.



THE
ST^T GOTHARD RAILWAY.

BY

GEORGE L. CATLIN.



ZURICH, SWITZERLAND
PRINTED BY
ART INSTITUTE ORELL FUSSLI
1893.

Direct Service

via
ST. GOTTHARD RAILWAY.

BRINDISI-LONDON

in 59 hours.

NAPLES-LONDON

in 49³/₄ hours.

ROME-LONDON

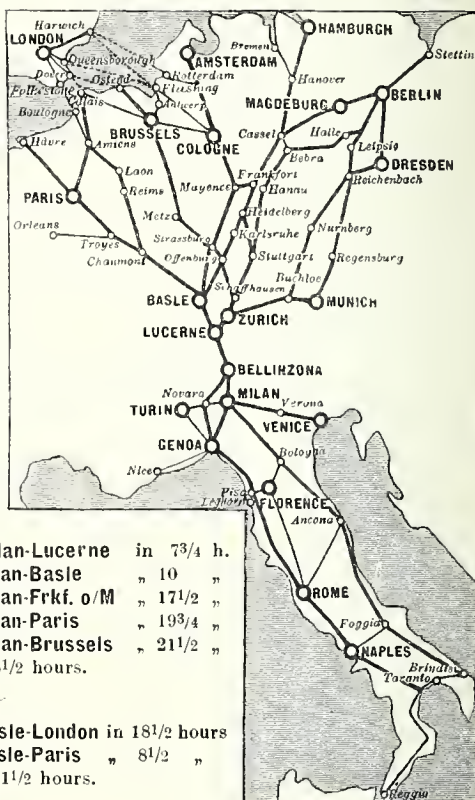
in 43³/₄ hours.

VENICE-LONDON

in 37³/₄ hours.

GENOA-LONDON

in 34 hours.



Brindisi-Milan in 24 hours

Naples-Milan " 18³/₄ "

Rome-Milan " 12³/₄ "

Venice-Milan " 5¹/₂ "

Genoa-Milan " 3 "

Milan-Lucerne in 7³/₄ h.

Milan-Basle " 10 "

Milan-Frkf. o/M " 17¹/₂ "

Milan-Paris " 19³/₄ "

Milan-Brussels " 21¹/₂ "

Milan-Zurich in 8¹/₂ hours.

Lucerne-London in 22³/₄ h.

Lucerne-Paris " 11¹/₄ "

Basle-London in 18¹/₂ hours

Basle-Paris " 8¹/₂ "

Lucerne-Zurich in 1¹/₂ hours.

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composed of elegant and comfortable first-class cars with galleries

Basle-Gothard-Milan

dep. 7.00 a. m.

arr. 9.10 "

dep. 9.20 "

arr. 5.23 p. m.

BASLE

LUCERNE

MILAN

arr. 8.20 p. m.

dep. 6.10 "

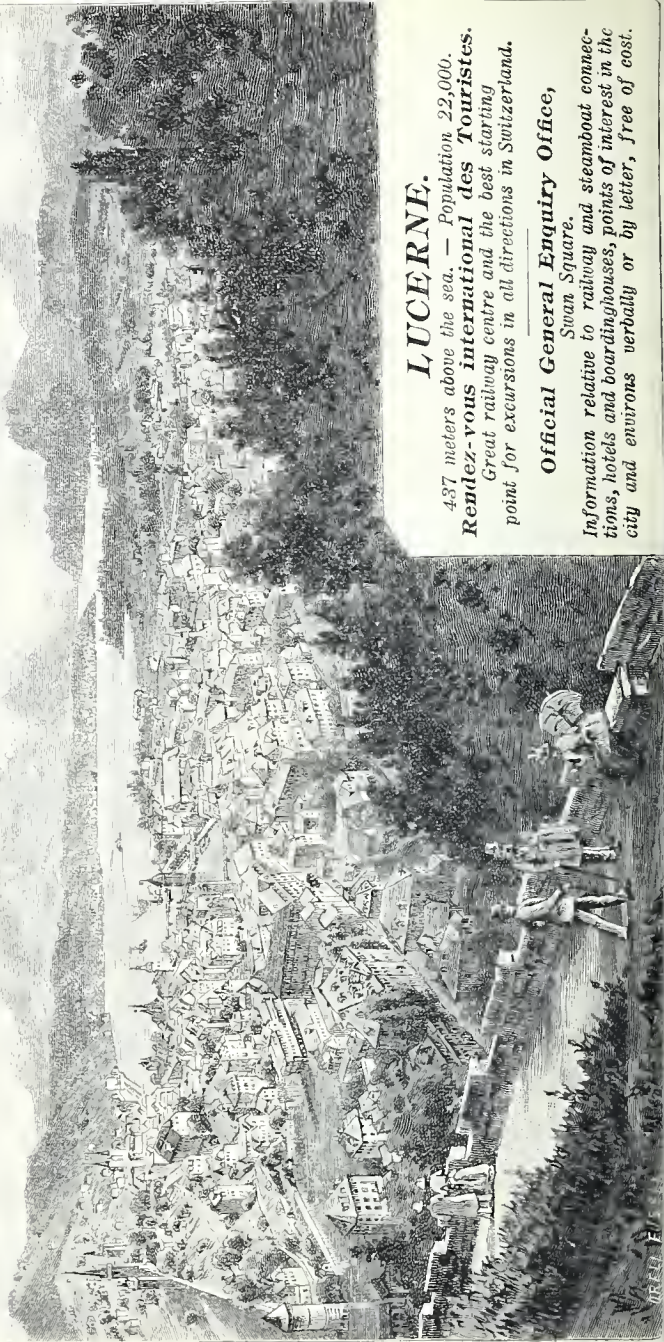
arr. 6.00 "

dep. 10.15 a. m.



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LUCERNE.

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THE ST GOTHARD RAILWAY.

By George L. Catlin.



Saloon Car.

THOUGH only eleven years have elapsed since this great international artery was thrown open to public traffic and tourist-travel, it has, during that short space of time, come to be recognized as a route indispensable to the exigencies of European commerce and communication, and has taken a place in the front rank among the well-conducted and important railways of the world.

Connecting as it does the railway systems of Western Germany, Holland, Belgium, Northern and Eastern France, (and, through them, the immense channels of travel from

England and the United States), with those of Italy in a direct, steel-tracked, stone-ballasted air line; traversing a region of unsurpassed natural attractions; opening up new commercial possibilities between sections of Europe widely removed from each other, is it indeed a wonder that it has so rapidly developed in popularity and that the name of the "Gothard" railway has already become familiar as "a household word" throughout the civilized world? By its potent agency, car-loads of coal dug out of the bowels of the earth in Belgium or the Rhine Palatinate are delivered on shipboard at a Mediterranean seaport; or, in turn, a cargo of Egyptian cotton can be hoisted out of a vessel's hold at Leghorn or Genoa, and loaded upon cars which will deliver it at the doors of the cotton-mill in North Germany or Holland; or a traveller may leave London any morning, and dine in Milan on the following evening; or, in turn, may breakfast in Milan, and be in Paris next morning. These are some of the wonderful possibilities which the Gothard has ushered into existence. Nor, in referring to its merits as a route for tourists, should the superior comforts of its carriages be forgotten. Every improvement that modern skill and invention can devise has been adopted to render the traveller's journey over the line a pleasant one. The carriages are lit with gas, warmed by steam throughout, provided with toilet rooms, and so arranged that every seat can, at will, be converted into a bed, or a lounge. The interior upholstery is of the most luxurious description, while each carriage is provided with a gallery, or open promenade, from which the traveller, sheltered even in the most inclement weather, can observe at pleasure the superb scenery along the line. Add to this, that the trains



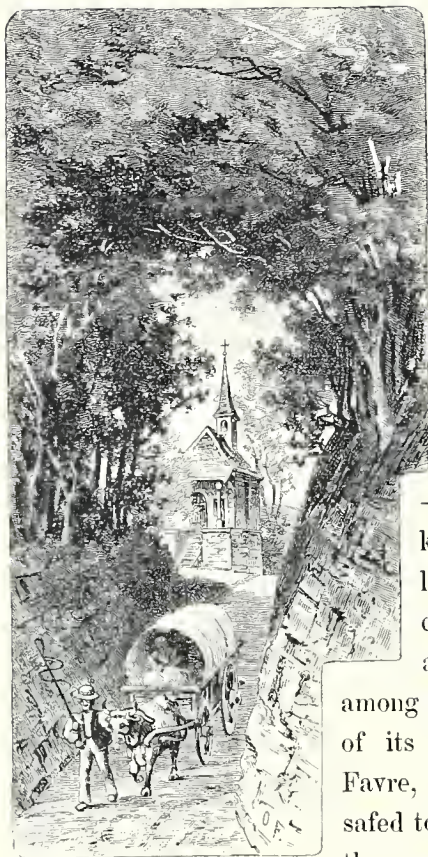
Univaltstock.

are provided with the famous Westinghouse brakes, and with a system of peculiarly constructed springs which prevent jostling, and render the motion of the car almost imperceptible, and it will be understood that a journey over the Gothard line is attended with every comfort known to modern railway travel. It is also important to know that, should the traveller choose, he may make a portion of this delightful journey by water, on a saloon steamer, for the entire length of the picturesque Lake of the Four Cantons, from Lucerne to Fluelen, or *vice-versa*, making at either terminus the same connections, as if the entire journey had been made by rail, and without additional expense.

The use of the Gothard route, as a line of communication between the valleys of Switzerland and the fertile plains of Lombardy, dates from the middle of the 13th century, when Albert von Stade, a Benedictine monk, published an account, claiming that it was possible, in this way, to reach Lucerne in three days from Bellinzona. It is true that an earlier knowledge of it has been asserted by certain chroniclers, who would have us believe that, even six hundred years before Christ, the Gauls found a way through these fastnesses to make their first descent upon Italy. Be this as it may, no record is adduced to establish the assertion, and in the adjacent valleys no ruins of settlements are found dating further back than the 7th century. The earliest written record, as above stated, is that of the Benedictine monk, who was later followed, in his Gothard journeyings, by many Swiss, *en route* for Italy, to seek fame and fortune in the military service of foreign leaders. At that time, the way consisted of a simple footpath, and probably a very difficult one at that. Toward the close of the century,

it came into further use for pack-animals, enabling the transport of merchandise to a limited extent. Little by little, the road continued to be improved, but so slowly that it was not until 1775 that the first coach went through from Altdorf to Giornico. During the early part of the present century rapid strides were made. In 1820, the Federal Government began the construction of a first class post-road on the north side of the mountain, and within the next decade, the adjacent Cantons completed the road from Göschenen to Airolo. Then, half a century later, came the Gothard railway, piercing mountains, spanning chasms, bridging torrents, scaling heights, and forming, in its entirety, the grandest engineering triumph of modern times. In this slow, but steady, development of the dizzy, unfrequented foot-path, into the solidly constructed, granite-bedded railway we read the whole story of the growth and progress of science and civilization. As the mountain rivulet swells into the brook, which, in turn, becomes the torrent, which, in its turn, becomes the river, sweeping on, deep and calm to the sea, so has the narrow, intricate way by which the adventurous explorer first found his way over the Alps, become, first, a foot-path, then a mule-path, then a wagon-road, then a coach-road, and, finally, the great highway of railway communication, opening up new and wondrous possibilities of travel and commerce for all Central Europe.

But, that a railway should ever traverse the barrier of snowpeaks dividing Central Europe from Northern Italy — who would ever have dreamed of it a century ago? Yet the great work was begun in 1872, and in 1882 it was completed, and delivered over to public traffic; and, just



Hohle Gasse.

here, a few figures will serve to give some idea of the amount of labor which it involved. There are fifty-six tunnels, with a total length of forty-one kilometers (nearly twenty-five miles). The great tunnel, from Göschenen to Airolo. — in itself a gigantic achievement — is, alone, nearly fifteen kilometers (nine miles) in length, and cost, in its construction, one hundred and seventy-seven lives, among them, unfortunately, that of its brilliant engineer, Louis Favre, to whom it was not vouchsafed to witness the completion of the noble work he had begun. The entire line, from Immensee to Pino, measures 176 kilometers (106 miles), and is divided into three sections. During the year ending October, 1880, an average of 10,757 men were daily employed upon the work. There are, exclusive of tunnels, no less than 969 artificial structures along the line, 223 of them being bridges. The entire cost of the work was two hundred and thirty-eight millions of francs. Yet this enormous outlay was fully justified, in view of

the incalculable importance of the Gothard line as a means of travel and commercial intercourse between Northern and Southern Europe.

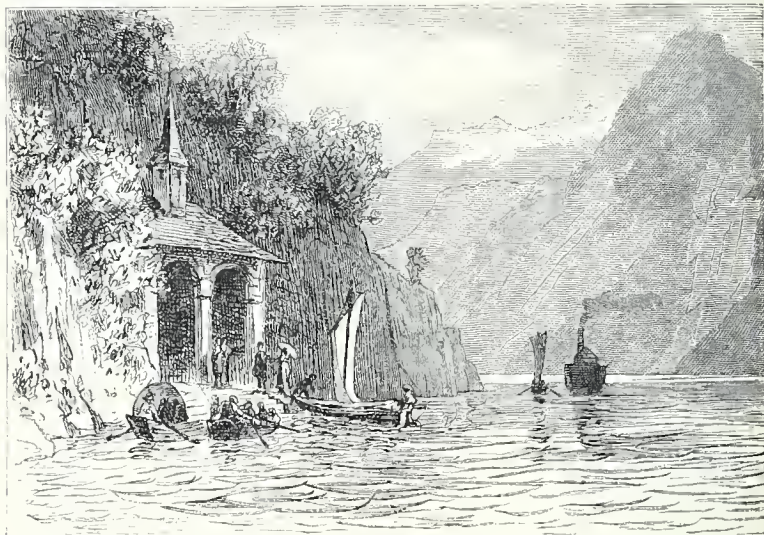
And the system with which this great road is conducted strikes even the least observant traveller with a sense of security and of admiration. It is one vast machine, moving with the precision and regularity of a delicate piece of clock-work. Every man, even to the humblest guard on the remotest point of the line, is at his post, every tunnel is constantly patrolled by guards, who meet, and report to each other midway,

every bridge and causeway is kept under close inspection, and everywhere a discipline as stringent as that of any military organization prevails. It is not fulsome to add, that the restaurants, and buffets, which are established at frequent intervals, are admirably conducted, and fully up to the standard of first-class restaurants anywhere, with menus in which the products of the cooler North vie with those of the genial South, to tempt the hungry traveller.



Schillerstein.

It is a pleasant summer morning, at Lucerne, and, from afar, the ancient Spirit, which is supposed to hover over the topmost peak of the Gothard, woos us, in cooling whispers, to devote the day to a journey through his time-honored domain. "Come," says his voice, borne on the Southern breezes, "I will show you a vision of gorges, and



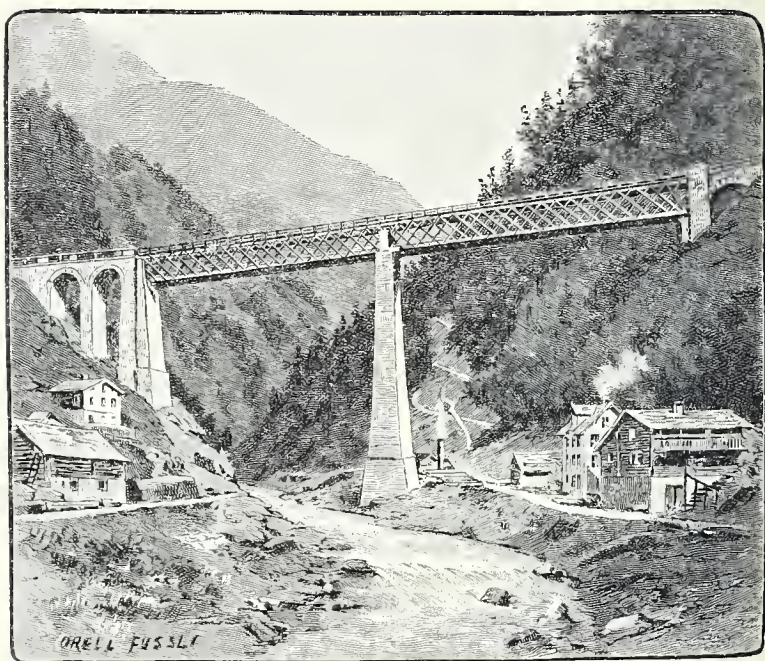
Tellsplatte.

torrents, and snow-peaks, and chalets, and heights inaccessible to human footstep; ravines wilder than ever painter put upon canvass; peaceful, populous, fertile valleys, slumbering 'neath the shadows of giant, rocky ranges; slopes where thousands of cattle browse; caverns which you shall penetrate only to emerge into a more dazzling sunlight beyond; lakes bluer than azure, and fringed round with growths that are green for ever; all this, and more shall you see, seated in your cushioned carriage, and I will bear you safely through, and over all this, my wondrous domain,

and land you safely, long ere nightfall, on the picturesque shores of one of the Italian lakes, or in the distant city of Milan."

The invitation is too tempting to be resisted. Hastily packing our hand-valises, we take the morning boat for a sail over the blue waters of the storied Lake to the Gotthard station at Fluelen, where we change to the Milan express; or, if we prefer it, we can take the same express at 9.20 a. m. direct from the Lucerne station, and, in twenty minutes, are at Rothkreuz, the important junction point, whence the Gotthard branches off to the Southward. And what a wonderful train is this, of which our coach, labelled "Lucerne-Milan" forms a part! Here are other coaches, marked, "Zurich-Milan" and "Basel-Milan," and even one bearing the inscription "Frankfort-Genoa." Here are a parlor car or two, and many of those composing this princely train are "Observation-Coaches," as well. At Rothkreuz, all these tributary streams of travel unite, and thence move on together to the Southward. Here are travellers who have come over the Arlberg, from Vienna, and the Tyrol; from Munich, via Lindau, Romanshorn and Zurich; from Berlin, via Stuttgart, Schaffhausen and Zurich; from the lower Rhine, via Frankfort, Basle and Olten; from Paris, London, Brussels, Cologne, Geneva, the Bernese Oberland, and Lucerne; and from here onward, they journey on together, a united tourist community, all attracted hither, as we have been, by a desire to view the far-famed beauties of the Gotthard route.

Nor is the pleasure long delayed. Leaving Rothkreuz, and following the shores of the Lake of Zug, we enter at once upon historic ground. At Immensee-Kuesnacht, the



Kerstelenbach Viaduct near Amsteg.

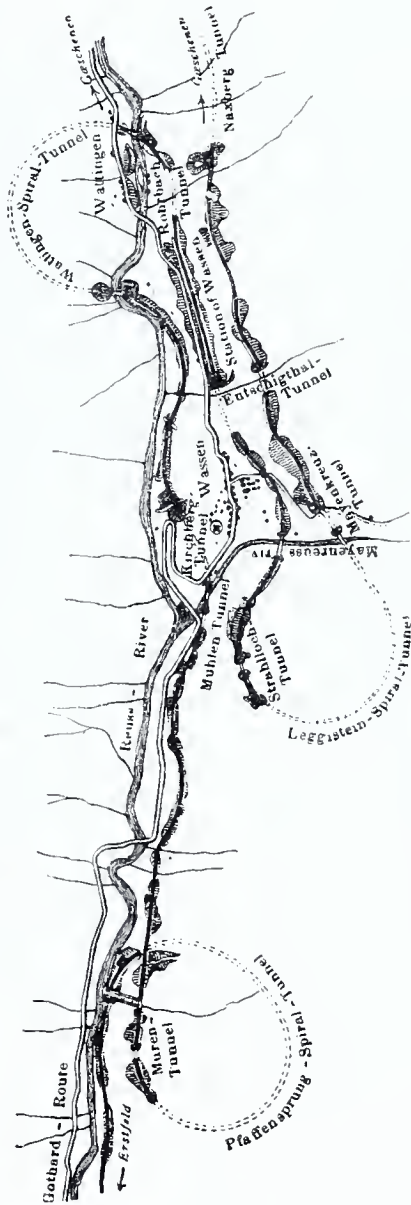
first station, we pass close to the spot where according to tradition, the tyrant Gessler was laid low by the unerring arrow of the patriot Tell. The road running over from Immensee to Kuesnacht, half an hour distant, is that to which Schiller refers in his "Wilhelm Tell" where he says:

"Durch diese hohle Gasse muss er kommen!"

and the spot where the tyrant fell is marked by a small chapel, known as "Tell's Kapelle" with an appropriate inscription, and descriptive pictures, over its doorway.

Still following the shore of the Lake of Zug on the left, with the Rigi's massive battlements on the right, and the slopes of the Walchwyhl opposite, we arrive at Arth,

picturesquely situated at the Southern end of the lake, and connected by steamer with Zug, at its Northern end. From this point starts the Arth-Rigi railway, ascending the Rigi to the Kulm. The roadway from Arth to Goldau passes through the scene of the ruin caused by the terrible landslide of Sept. 2nd, 1806, when, without warning, a piece of the opposite Rossberg mountain, two kilometers in length, came thundering down, from over half a mile's height, burying entire villages, with nearly five hundred of their inhabitants, and transforming the fertile valley into a scene of complete devastation, the traces of which are to-day forcibly presented to the passing traveller, in the thousands of enormous moss-covered boulders, piled in grotesque con-

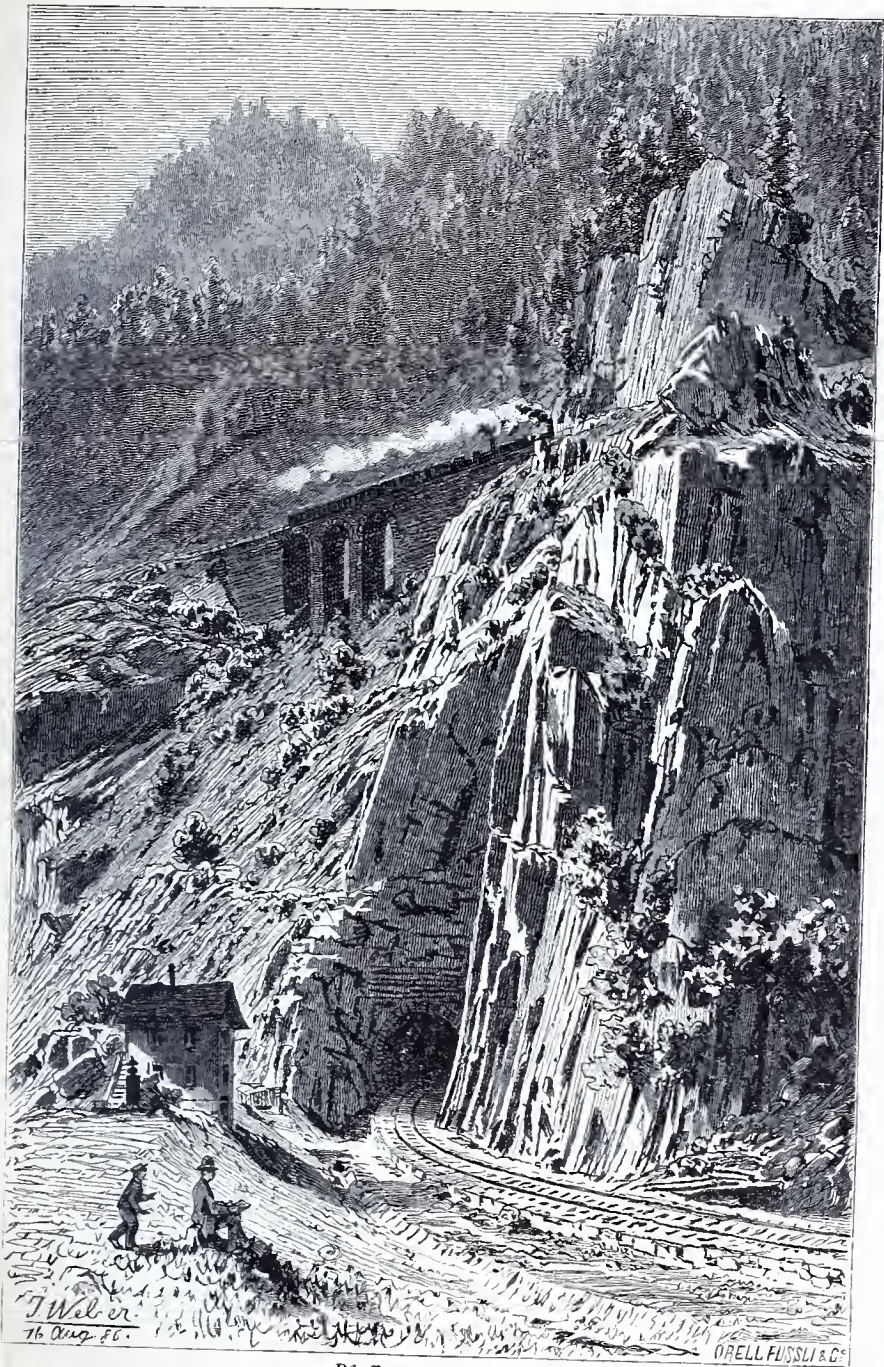


Spiral Tunnels and Development of the Line north of the Grand Tunnel.

fusion over the surface of the entire valley. This tragic event is annually recalled by a religious service, called the "Schuttjahrzeit," held on the 2nd of September, in the church at Arth.

We now traverse the Eastern shore of the picturesque Lowerzer Lake, catch a glimpse of the island of Schwanau, and pass the point at Steinen, where Werner Stauffacher is said to have dwelt. On the mountain above it, is seen Steinerberg, a scattered collection of chalets and peasants' houses. Beyond is the Urmiberg, a spur of the Rigi, and near its base, Seewen, and beyond, the ancient town of Schwyz, which has given to Helvetia its modern name of Switzerland. The town is most charmingly located, with the twin Mythen peaks towering far above it, and a fertile valley, famous for its breed of milk cattle, around it.

Crossing the neck of land dividing the Lakes of Lowerz and Lucerne, we sight, on the right, the Frohnalpstock, with the Cure-House Stoos on its slope, cross the Ingenbohl bridge, and reach Brunnen, on the lakeshore, at the mouth of the river Muotta. A glance at the scenery from this point is indeed inspiring, and affords an easy explanation of the popularity of Brunnen as a summer resort, commanding as it does a view of the Lake for miles in both directions, with the giant heights of the Seelisberg, the Mythenstein, the Ruetli, and, further back, the Urirothstock with its glacier forming a background to the fascinating picture. For a distance of seven miles, from Brunnen to Fluelen, the railway skirts the shores of the Uri Lake, the South-easterly arm of the Lake of Lucerne, passing successively through the Guetsch (135 meters), Mythenstein (25 meters), Hochfluh (582 meters), St. Francis



Pfaffensprung Tunnel.

(193 meters), Oelberg (1933 meters), Sturzeck (984 meters), Tellsplatte (170 meters), Axenberg (1118 meters), and Sulzeck (126 meters) tunnels; during the intervals between these, magnificent glimpses of the Lake, and mountains, are obtained. The Oelberg tunnel is the second in length on the entire line. The Mythenstein tunnel is opposite the crag commonly known as "Schiller's Rock," on the outer surface of which is the inscription:—

"DEM SÆNGER TELL'S
FRIEDRICH SCHILLER,
DIE URKANTONE.
1859."

Further on, visible from the steamer, but hidden from the railway passenger by a tunnel, is the famous Tellsplatte, where Tell sprang from his captor's boat, and made good his escape. At Fluelen, the head of navigation on the Lake of Uri, those passengers who have preferred to come down by boat from Lucerne, take the train. It was at this point that the ancient Gothard pike had its Northern terminus, the remainder of the journey to Lucerne having been, in those days, usually completed by water. Indeed, many Gothard summer tourists at the present day prefer changing from cars to boat or *vice versa*, at Fluelen, thus enjoying a delightful sail, though at the expense of missing that part of the line which has thus far been under description.

From Fluelen on, the railway follows the valley of the Reuss, here a small stream, as compared with the deep, rapid river, which it becomes when, emerging from the Lake of Lucerne, it flows onward to swell the Rhine. Altdorf, a typical Swiss town, and, as its name indicates, an ancient one at that, is the spot where tradition places the



Wassen.

famous apple scene between Tell and Gessler. There is also a Capuchin convent here.

From this point on, the view becomes constantly wilder, and more picturesque, indicating, if nothing else did, the fact that we are approaching the Gothard's fastnesses. The mountains loom up more and more menacingly as we near them. The Bristenstock, the Gitschen, the Belmistock, the Bochli, the Mittagsstock, the Hohe Faulen, and the Windgelle stand arrayed, like an army of snow-capped giants, as if determined to bar our further progress. At Erstfeld, the mountain locomotives are attached, and the long ascent begins. The valley narrows to a gorge, and soon we are spinning along giddy precipices, and over bridges from which we look down upon ravines, tree-tops, and scattered dwellings far below, the post-road following our route, and coming into view at frequent intervals as we advance. At Amsteg, at the foot of Mount Bristen, we shoot out of a tunnel upon the wonderful bridge, 162 feet high, spanning the Maderan valley, and gain a view, the memory of which will linger for a life time. Then follows a series of seventeen tunnels, three of them, the Pfaffensprung, the Wattinger, and the Leggistein, circular ones—and a succession of bridges—three of them over one and the same stream, the Meienreuss—and, finally crossing the bridge spanning the dizzy chasm of 150 feet, through which the Reuss at this point leaps, we are at Göschenen, the Northerly point of entrance to the great tunnel through the St. Gothard, the longest tunnel in the world. Here the railway, and its old-fashioned companion, the stage-road, part company for a while, the former passing into the darkness of the tunnel, to emerge later at Airolo, on the Southern, or Italian side

of the mountain, while the latter follows its time-honored, winding, and picturesque way, through the Schœllenen, and over the Devil's Bridge, to Andermatt, Hospenthal, and the Hospice at the summit, and thence down again through the Val Tremola, to Airolo, where it rejoins the railway. Previous to the completion of the railway, upwards of sixty-thousand travellers annually passed over this route, many of them being gratuitously fed and sheltered at the Hospice on their way. In 1775, this building was, with its chapel and out-building, swept away by an avalanche; a few years later, the French army, under General Menard, encamped there, and took the building for fuel. In these passes, French, Russians, and Austrians once engaged in desperate conflict, and, upon a rock, at the upper end of the Tremola gorge the inscription "Suwarrow, Victor," still remains, to remind us how the evil passions of warring men once profaned these sacred solitudes. But now times have changed, the railway has come, and where men once toiled by laborious foot-paths, over dangerous heights, the diligence now runs regularly, awakening the mountain echoes with the cheery horn of the postillion. The first man who ever drove over this mountain in a coach was an English naturalist, named Greville. Now, thousands of his countrymen and their American cousins, annually choose the same fascinating route as a summer pleasure trip. There is regular connection from Göschenen, by diligence, with Andermatt, Hospenthal, Dissentis, and the Furka, and Ober-Alpine passes. No more charming summer trip can be desired than to take the railway to Göschenen, and thence ride by diligence, via Andermatt, either to Chur, in the one, or Brigue in the other direction.



North Entrance of the Grand Tunnel.

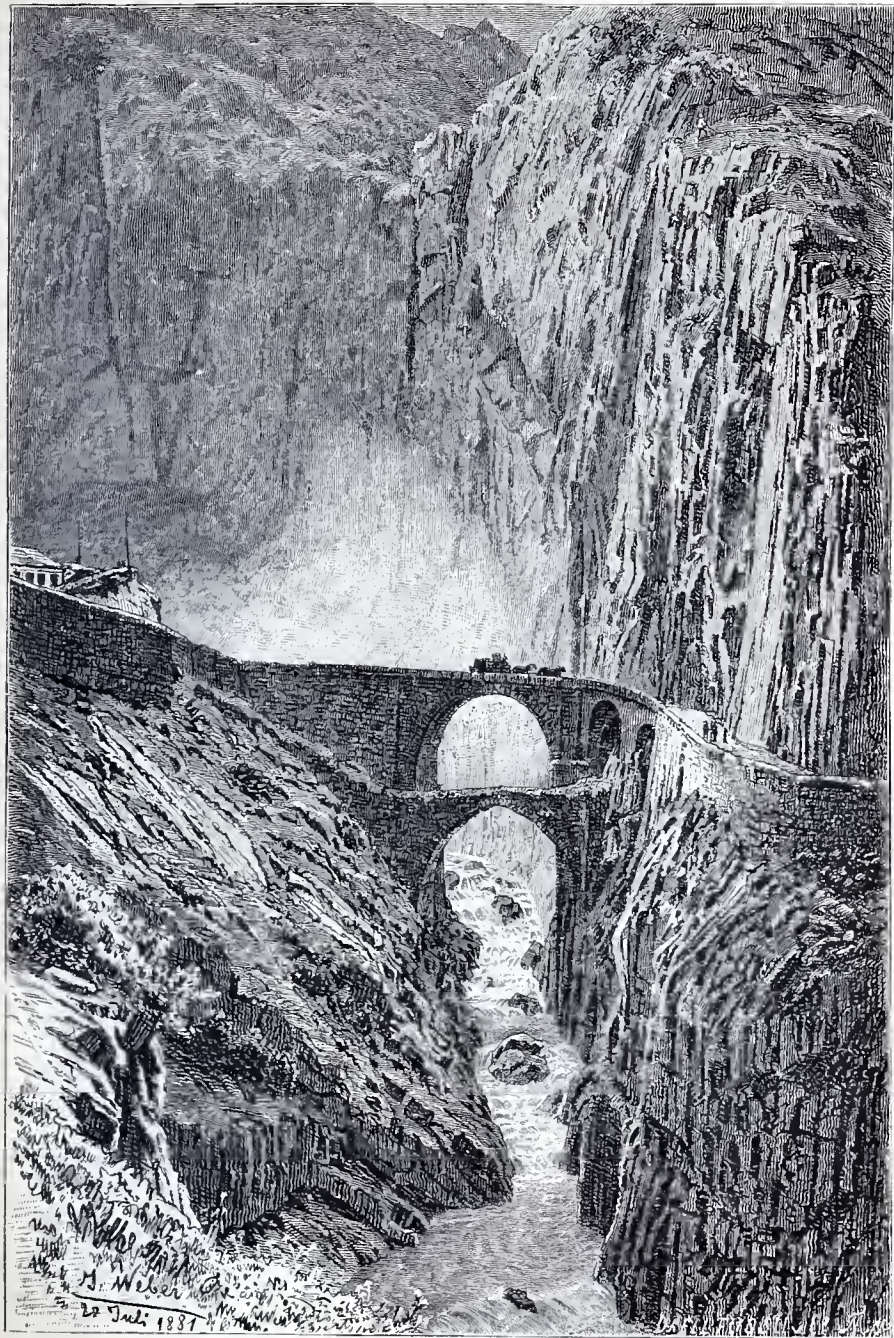
And now, directly before us, a short distance from the station at Göschenen, yawns the great tunnel through which we are to pass. Its history and description form a romance in themselves. In passing through it, one is a thousand feet directly under the village of Andermatt, while the bottom of the little mountain lake of Sella lies something over three thousand feet above his head. At each kilometer of distance in the tunnel, are burning lanterns, numbered successively from one to fourteen. The grade in the tunnel rises from either end, its highest point—which is also

the highest point of the line—being some 1154 meters above the level of the sea. It is built for double-tracks, —being twenty-five feet wide, and twenty feet high—and its construction cost sixty million francs. The work was begun on June 4th, 1872, at Göschenen, on the North, and on July 2nd, 1872, at Airolo, on the South end, the average number of men employed on it thereafter being twenty-five hundred daily. On the 19th of July, 1879, as the great enterprise was approaching completion, its master spirit, Louis Favre, was laid low by the hand of death, being overcome by an apoplectic attack while inspecting the interior of the tunnel. The work went on, however, and, on the 29th of February, 1880, communication was opened between the two ends, and the telegraph triumphantly announced to the world at large that the great Gothard tunnel was at last an accomplished fact. It is stated that in its construction one million kilos of dynamite for blasting, and one million seven hundred thousand kilos of oil for illuminating purposes were consumed, and that nine hundred thousand cubic meters of rock were removed. The ventilation of the tunnel is perfect, the temperature never rising above 20° Celsius. The time occupied in the transit varies, according to speed, from seventeen to twenty minutes.

But, what a wondrous change these few moments have wrought in our surroundings. As we emerge from the tunnel's darkness into the blinding sunlight, it is indeed difficult to believe that we are still in the land of the Switzer. The architecture, the costumes, and physiognomy of the people, the very signs over the doorways, are all Italian. "Handlung," for instance, has become "Negozio," the "Wirthschaft" is transformed into a "Trattoria," and

the "Gasthaus" is no longer a "Gasthaus," but an "Albergo." The railway station, too, instead of being called a "Bahnhof," as it was over on the other side of the mountain, is now a "Stazione." Surely, we are in Italy. No, not yet; but we are in Tessin, the Italian Canton of Switzerland, and, as we follow the valley of the river Tessin (or Ticino) down from Airolo, just as we followed the Reuss up to Göschenen, we shall soon perceive, in the luxuriance of the vegetation, the azure of the skies, and the unwonted balminess of the atmosphere, that sunny Italy is, certainly, not far away. The ride down the valley is no less charming than was its predecessor from Fluelen to Göschenen; there are some more circular tunnels, and wonderful bridges, and a bewildering succession of wild bits of scenery, with feathery, snow-white cascades, leaping from the summits of lofty cliffs, or bursting forth from some cranny in their sides, and falling hundreds of feet through the air; brawling glacial torrents, hurrying down over beds of boulders, eager to reach the distant sea; eyries, where apparently inaccessible chalets are perched; fantastic rocks, seamed, and split by long-forgotten convulsions of nature; endless battlements, and walls, "rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun;" and, darting through, over, beyond, them all, now disappearing into a tunnel, now leaping a chasm, now skirting the edge of a precipice, the glistening steel-tracks of the Gothard railway, which has conquered this wilderness, and transformed its fastnesses into a pleasure ground for man.

Through such a scene as this it is that we pass from Airolo to Biasca, a distance of twenty-seven miles; it is, practically, the descent of the mountain. At Biasca, we shall have neared the sea level by twenty-seven hundred

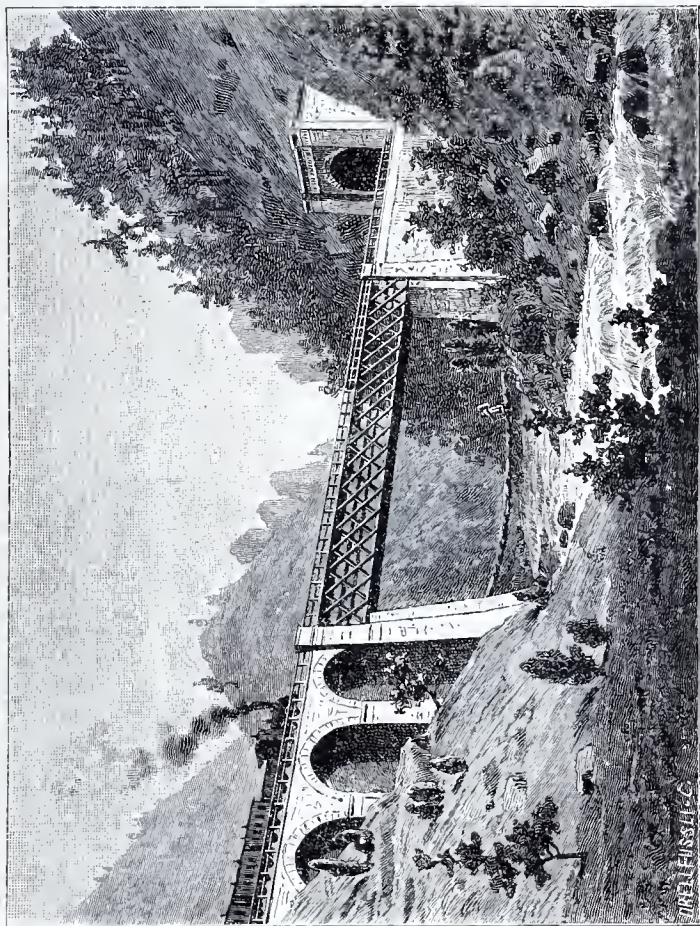


Devil's Bridge

feet, since leaving the tunnel. Nor is the natural scenery of this part of the route its only interesting feature. True, it seems as if we were passing out through some vast cathedral of granite, with the Hospice behind us as its altar, the blue vaulted heavens its dome, the gorges through which we go, its aisle, and Biasca its portal. Yet as we go, there are other sights and memories which attract our attention. Airolo has been almost entirely rebuilt since its destruction, by fire, in 1877. From this point begins the ascent, by road, to the Gothard summit, via the oft-described Val Tremola (or Shakey Valley, as it might be called in English), the sinuosities and zig-zags of which must be seen to be understood by the traveller.

On leaving Airolo, the railway tunnels the narrow Stalvedro pass, and then, leaping the Tessin by a bridge a hundred and fifty feet in height, hurries on, past Ambri Piotta, and Rodi-Fiesso, passing through the Dazio, Freggio and Prato tunnels (the two latter circular ones), then crosses the Polmengo bridge, three hundred feet long, passes through the tunnel of the same name, finally crosses the Ceresa, and in forty minutes reaches Faido, the capital of the Leventina, or the Tessin valley. Here, we are not only charmed by the water-fall, known as the Piumegna, but are also struck with the beauty of the other surroundings, thoroughly Italian, and the increased richness of vegetation and foliage, the magnificent chestnut trees commanding especial admiration. Alas! it was from some of these, that the Uri government hung the heads of the leaders of the unsuccessful revolution, which broke out here in 1755. From near Faido, at a hamlet called Mairengo, sprang the family of Delmonico, the well-known New York restaurateurs. Near

Lavorgo just beyond, the most beautiful of cascades, the Cribiasca, is visible from the train. We begin to notice here, too, the cultivation of the grape and the mulberry.



Stalvedro.

We pass the Biaschina gorge, rattle through some more tunnels, straight, and circular, and presently come to a standstill at Giornico station, the town being about a

mile and a half distant to the South. It is beautifully situated, and was formerly a fortified place; and it was near here that in December, 1478, a few hundred Swiss won a complete victory over the Milan troops, by rolling down upon them immense boulders from the mountain side. The battle is, to the present day, spoken of by the Tessin people as the "Battle of the Big Stones" (*ai Sassi Grossi*). At Giornico, the churches of San Maria, and San Nicolo da Mira—the latter said to be built upon the site of a pagan temple—are to be noted by the visitor. At Biasca, the view is ravishing, and the tourist realizes that, at last emerging from the mountain's fastnesses, and from the domain of rock and torrent, he is entering once more upon smiling, sunny landscapes, where the vine and the fig-tree flourish. Here in a sheltered nook at the junction of the two valleys, upon a fertile plateau, walled in by the Pizzo Magno, and other towering cliffs, from one of which the Frodabach cascade falls like a snowy bridal-veil, lies Biasca. Upon a height overlooking the station, is the Chapel of St. Petronella, a pilgrim shrine much frequented.

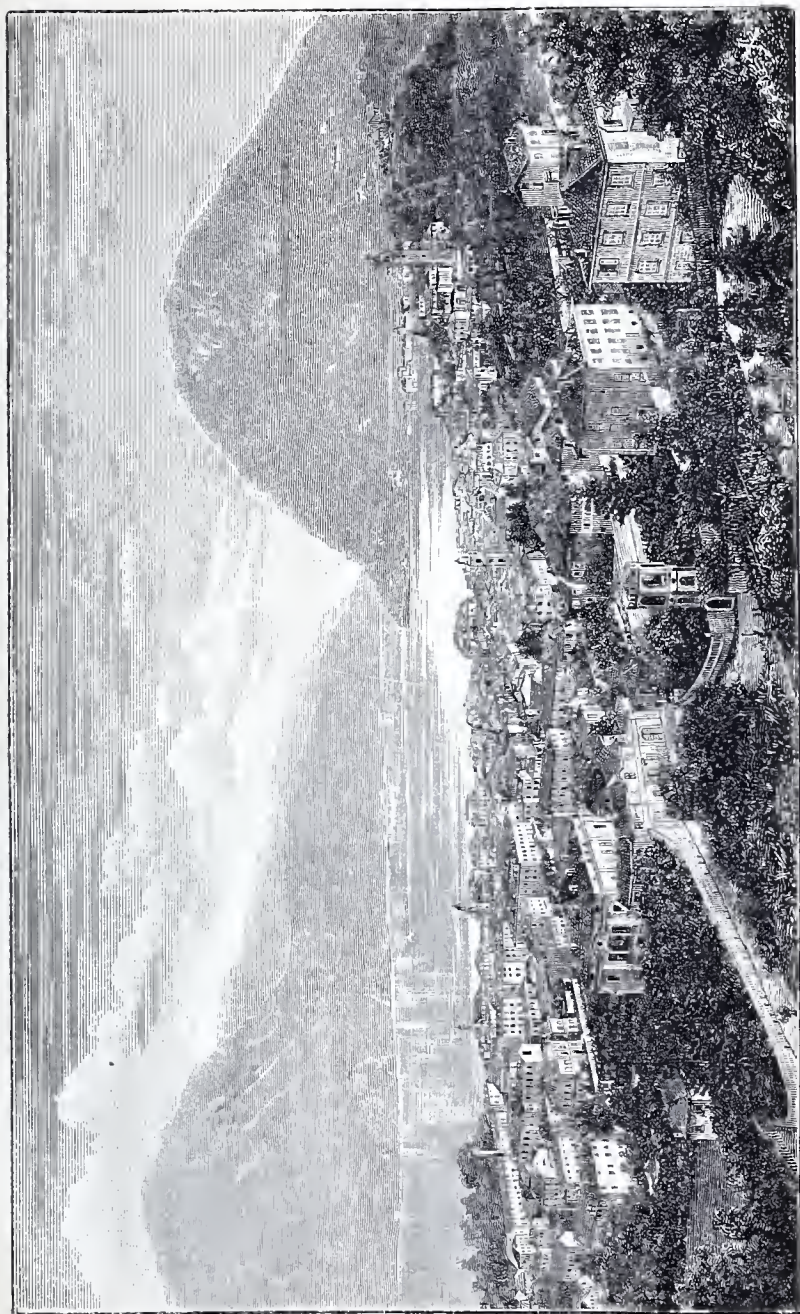
And now, skirting the East side of the valley, 'neath the shadows of overhanging cliffs, we reach the Tessin capital, Bellinzona, the most interesting point, as well in a historical, as a strategic point of view, that we have yet seen since our departure from Lucerne. A glance suffices to show its military importance, for it completely blocks the valley, and thus becomes the key to the route from Lombardy to Northern Switzerland and Germany. In its early origin, it is supposed to have been intended to serve as a fortress for repelling the inroads of Northern tribes upon Italy. Its position for resisting attacks from either



Bellinzona.

North or South, is incomparable. On the East rise the steep crags of Mount Jorio, and opposite, the cliffs of Corbario; upon the former are the castles of Uri and Schwyz; upon the latter that of Unterwalden, all three of them fortresses which, up to 1798, belonged to the three Cantons, whose names they, respectively, bear, but now lying partially in ruins. From these castles, a high and strongly-built wall stretched entirely across the valley, the city gate being the only opening through which passage, up or down the valley, was permitted. Of late years, the Swiss Federal Government has spent no inconsiderable sums in improving the natural fortifications of Bellinzona. The city itself has a population of about three thousand, and enjoys a very large and profitable commerce in wine, cheese, and rice. It is estimated that, prior to the opening of the railway, upwards of twenty-thousand pack-animals passed annually through Bellinzona, going up, or down the valley. The architecture of the city is tasteful, and, in many cases, even pretentious. Over the portal of the principal church are still to be seen the arms of the Ducal family of Visconti of Milan, consisting in the figure of a serpent bearing a child in its mouth. The church itself contains eleven altars, all of marble, and adorned with rich paintings. There are also Ursuline, and Zoccolante Convents, while the present Government building was also formerly an Ursuline monastery, and contains a handsome bust of General Dufour. In the Palazzo formerly dwelt the Landvogt, who was appointed alternately from one of the three ruling Cantons above mentioned.

About three miles beyond Bellinzona, just after passing Giubiasco, the railway to Locarno and Luino on Lago



Lugano.

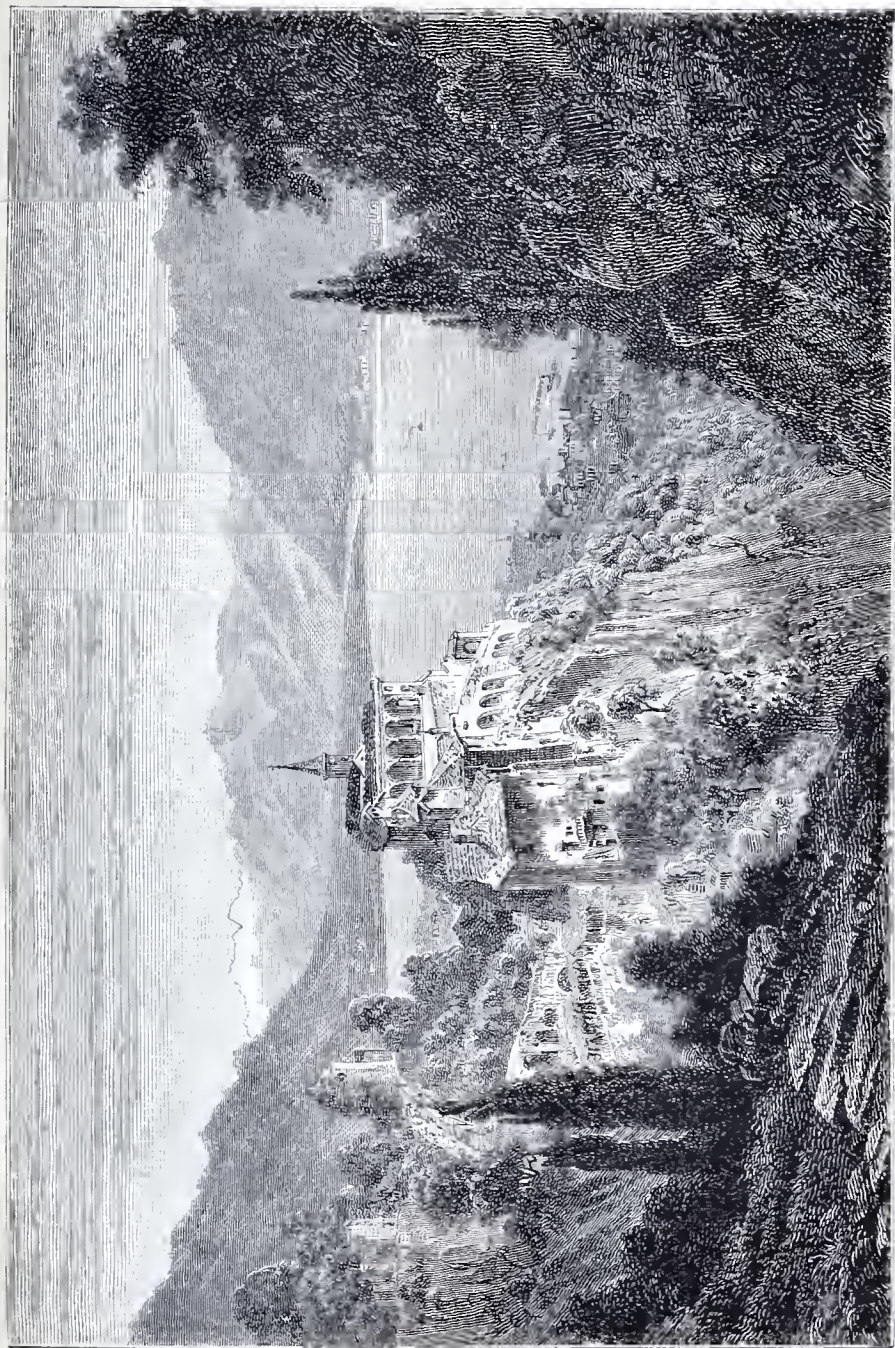
Maggiore branches off from the main line and still following the valley of the Tessin, passes through a fertile and smiling landscape. At Cadenazzo it forks again into two branches, leading respectively to the two termini above mentioned, the former lying on the Western shore of the Lake, near its Northern extremity, the latter on the Eastern shore, some miles further to the Southward. The situation of Locarno is especially charming, and elicits, at once, an exclamation of delight, as the blue waters of the lake come in sight. Sheltered from the northern winds by the overhanging hamlet-dotted mountains, with the mirror-like surface of the lake before, and a wealth of magnolias, laurels, and chestnuts about it, Locarno invariably charms and fascinates the arriving stranger. To obtain an excellent view of the entire surroundings, one should ascend to the pilgrim church of the Madonna del Sasso, standing on a wooded cliff above the town, and containing a painting by Ciseri, representing the Descent from the Cross. The history of Locarno is also of much interest. It boasted, already in the fourteenth century, a population of five thousand, many of whom were, by religious persecutions, compelled to emigrate. Among these were the families of Orelli and Muralt, who established themselves at Zurich, founded great manufacturing interests, and are, to-day, among its most honored residents. The festival of the Virgin's Nativity, which is celebrated annually at Locarno, on the eighth of September, always attracts a very large attendance of strangers. The Val Maggia, the Val Bavona, and the Domo d'Ossola offer to the summer sojourner in this vicinity a great variety of pleasant excursions.

From Locarno, or Luino, one may take steamer for any point on the lake, the entire passage to Arona, at its

Southerly end, occupying, including stoppages, about six hours. From Luino runs the railway connecting Lago Maggiore with the Lake of Lugano at Ponte-Tresa; from Laveno that connecting it, via Varese, with the Lake of Como, at Como; and from Arona the railway running, via Gallarate, direct, in two hours, to Milan. The sail on the lake itself is a living panorama, never to be forgotten. It is after passing Cannobbio, Luino, and Oggebbio that one first realizes the true, the indescribable beauties of this queen of lakes. Intra lies upon the western shore, and just above it, one may see no less than six successive villages, situated in line, one above the other, on the long slope of the hillside. Opposite towers the huge form of Monte Ferro, with the station and landing-place at Laveno nestling beneath its shadow. Following the shore around from Intra, we come in full view of Pallanza, and the four Borromean islands (Bella, Madre, Pescatore, and San Giovanni), and, beyond them, Baveno and Stresa, at which latter point the beautiful summer villa of the Duchess of Genoa, mother of the Queen of Italy, attracts the visitor's attention. A visit to either of the islands can be comfortably made in a small boat from either Stresa, Baveno, or Pallanza, and will well repay the visitor, especially those to Isola Bella, or Isola Madre. Beyond Stresa, the scenery becomes less bold, yet none the less pleasing in its tranquil softer beauties. Near Arona, on the South bank, and plainly visible from the steamer's deck, stands the massive statue of Saint Carl Borromeo, erected in 1697, on an adjacent hillside.

Resuming now our journey by the main line (from which we have temporarily diverged to visit Locarno and Lago Maggiore), we commence the long ascent of Monte

Cenere, obtaining every moment a grander view of the Tessin valley spread out like a map below, until finally, near the summit, the scene is abruptly shut out by a tunnel, from which we emerge to find our way through the valley of the Agno, past Monte Camoghè, and by Taverne, to Lugano. From the high ground on which the station stands, and which is connected with the city below by a funicular railway, we already gain a fascinating panorama of the lake, the surrounding mountains, the town, and the broad valley stretching away to the north of it. Descending into the city, one finds that it possesses all the characteristics of an ancient Italian town. The outlook from either of the steamer landings along the lake front is extremely attractive with Monte San Salvatore and its funicular railway on the right, Monte Caprino on the left, and in the foreground on either side the shaded quays and stately buildings of Lugano, while beyond, one sees in the distance the bridge at Melide and the hazy heights of Monte Generoso in one direction, and, in the other, the blue waters of the Lake stretching away, beneath the shadows of villa-dotted mountain slopes, toward Osteno and Porlezza. In the narrow streets and arcades of the inner town there is much that is quaint and picturesque to charm the visitor, and the church of Sta. Maria degli Angioli, adjacent to the Hotel du Parc, and the Cathedral of San Lorenzo, half way up the hill toward the station, are both worth seeing. The villas and gardens about Lugano are unusually attractive, and the neighbourhood abounds in enjoyable excursions, both by water and land. Many tourists take steamer hence to Ponte-Tresa, whence a short run by rail brings them to Luino, and the beauties of Lago Maggiore, just described above. The main route



Madonna del Sasso, Locarno.

of travel, however, is from Lugano, by steamer, to Porlezza, little over an hour distant. At Osteno, *en route* thither, are the famous grottoes of Osteno and Rescia, much visited by tourists. From Porlezza, at the North-easterly end of the lake, a railway carries the tourist, in a ride of one hour, to Menaggio, on Lake Como. The view obtained from La Croce, the point at which the lake first comes in sight, is indescribably grand, embracing nearly the entire lake, while the descent from this elevation to the lake at Menaggio, is a ride of thrilling interest. At Menaggio, or at Bellaggio, opposite it, the traveller whose leisure permits may well afford to stay awhile for rest and recreation among the charms with which Nature has so lavishly endowed this locality. Both places offer the best of accommodations for a stay of a day or an entire season, and from either point there is frequent communication with Colico, Lecco, and Como, the termini, respectively, of the three arms of the lake. To these shores, in ancient days, were wont to resort the more æsthetic among the Romans; both the Plinies were born at Como.

The scenery bears a striking resemblance to that of the Highlands of the Hudson. At Como, where there is much of historic interest, connection is resumed with the Gothard main route to Milan, only one hour distant. The round trip just described can be comfortably made in a single day. The direct run by the Gothard, on the other hand, between Lugano and Como, via Chiasso, the Swiss frontier station, requires but little over an hour's time. In other words, one may leave Lugano by boat about ten in the morning, make the tour of the Lakes of Lugano and Como, and then return, via the Gothard, to Lugano, by

about ten o'clock the same evening. The route from Lugano to Chiasso is extremely picturesque, skirting the lake shore around the base of Monte San Salvatore, then crossing the lake at Melide, by a stone causeway, 2509 feet in length, with bridges at either end, and running thence along the Easterly bank to Capolago, at the base of Monte Generoso, aptly termed the Rigi of Italian Switzerland, largely frequented by the Italians as a summer resort, and commanding an extended view embracing the Lakes of Lugano, Como, Varese and Maggiore, the plains of Lombardy, and on the North all the Alpine chain from Monte Viso to the Ortler. A cog-wheel railway, constructed at great labor and expense, and first opened to travel in 1890, conveys the traveller comfortably from Capolago in about an hour to the spacious hotel near the summit, passing on the way an ever changing panorama of entrancing woodland, lake and mountain scenery. The hotel itself is a first-class one, provided with every modern comfort and convenience; and now that it has been rendered accessible by rail via the St. Gothard and the Monte Generoso railway, it is probable that this picturesque and salubrious mountain resort is destined to become one of the best known and most popular in Italian Switzerland and Northern Italy. For it is only four miles further, at Chiasso, that we reach the Italian frontier, and the Swiss terminus of the Gothard line. Baggage is inspected here. Como is but three, and Milan twenty-eight miles beyond, the line thither traversing a thickly populated region of rare agricultural beauty. On every side lie moss-grown landmarks of Lombardy's historic past, half hidden by the overgrowth of a new civilization. Charmed by the reveries inspired by this mingling of the ancient and modern, the

traveller finds the remaining moments of his journey slipping away unobserved, and ere he is aware, the train which has brought him through the Gothard's wild fastnesses rolls smoothly into the spacious, electric-lit station at Milan, where direct connection is made with Express trains for Florence, Rome and Naples on the one hand, and for Genoa, San Remo, Mentone, Monte Carlo, Nice, and Cannes on the other.

And now, reader, our journey over the Gothard is completed. Together, we have passed through and admired its varied charms, its wilder fascinations, and its softer beauties, together, we have wondered at Nature's grandeur, and at man's ingenuity. Let us ever carry the beauteous picture with us in memory. It will prove a solace for our troubled, an enlivenment for our weary, moments as long as we shall live.





RAILWAY MAP OF SWITZERLAND.

St. Gothard Railway Co.
LUCERNE.

Railroads ———
Other lines ———
Postal routes - - - -
Passes - - - -
Steamers - - - -



To ITALY

The ST. GOTTHARD Railway connecting the Swiss & Italian LAKES

Goschenen

Flüelen

Brunnen

LUCEARNE

To ZUG

